



AS FOR MYSELF

The summer season commenced with a bang with the Merrye Monthe of Maye and the celebrating of the VILTIS birthday party which was truly a most beautiful affair. It left the guests amazed and open-eyed and the rich and colorful program prepared for their pleasure. All had a grand time, and so did we. It was a very risky affair to undertake, that is, running an expensively involved festival in a town 130 miles away and doing exactly nothing toward its promotion. I only sold two tickets in advance via mail to friends in Chicago who didn't even intend to come down. That's what I call more nerve than brains. I'm sure everworking my po' lil guardian angel and my dear friends. If I'm not in the red is not my fault. I've tried hard enough and my friends wouldn't let me. Bless their hearts and souls. Anyway, it was a wonderful affair and I'll surely try to be bolder next year (a fool never learns). I was mightily proud of my sailor boys and gals who performed on the program. They did a grand job, and Evelyn Prewett did another feat by dressing up the sailor boys in genuine imitations.

There were several other highlights during May. One was the viewing a Kabuki performance by a touring group from Japan. If it is anywhere's within a hundred miles or even more near where you live then GO and see it. My knowledge of Kabuki, Noh, Odori and other forms of Japanese dancing, is very superficial, but, by golly, this was a most enjoyable spectacle. The movements were delightful, dainty, fluid and most graceful. The costumes: some were out of this world. If one was to describe them to me I wouldn't have believed him. The music was strange but grew on you. The customs and mannerism was also most unique. All in all—Terrifique!

A visit from Rodney Shaw, my Reverend buddy of many years whom I haven't seen now in dogs ages, again brought to mind many happy years of a long friendship. To me he, more than anyone else, is the true personification of what is meant of Christian Love. He is absolutely devoid of any form of prejudice or intolerance and at present his sole aim is to bring Universal Brotherhood Through World Federation. With this in mind he has been traveling the country carrying the message of "Unite and Live". He and his charming wife Mary have three lovely children and now live in Oconomowoc, Wis.

Then came the Statewide Folk Festival. Man, oh man alive! This has beat any festival I've seen! Three days and five evenings of mad dancing, of terrific programs, of gorgeous costumes, of happy reunions and of funul moments! Again, my kids did me proud in all their presentations, and considering the short time I had to work with them I was mighty proud of them. Compliments were pouring in from all directions. While in Long Beach I stayed with dear friends from ages past, Irene and Jack Krancus and family.

We returned to San Diego just for over night and to pick up stuff for the first leg of tour along the Pacific. San Diegan John Hancock was chauffeuring me. We stopped for overnight in Fresno with the Northups and came to Frisco for a two-evening session, one with Grace Paerryman's group and one with John Filcich's jolly kolomaniacs. From there we headed for Corvallis, Oregon.

We traveled through dense redwood forests, whose density did not allow the rays of the sun (when there was one) to penetrate, and whose gigantic tops were combed by the clouds. It was fascinating. One thing irked me...

the constant drizzle, gray skies and cold gloom. Oregon seems to have two seasons: the rainy and the wet. During the rainy season it pours and during the wet season it drizzles. I also noticed that during our trip the sun shone only beyond the territorial waters, 3 miles out sea and I wondered if there is a law against the sun in Oregon. Scenecally coastal Oregon is most enchanting. Flowers, wild and domestic, grow abundantly, lushiously and of exaggerated dimensions.

In Corvallis we were "Hosted" by the Mayer and Dalgas families and from Corvallis we "radiated" to other points, a class in Salem, one in Eugene, one in Portland. After that we moved up to Seattle and were hosted by the Ted Morgans. Mr. Morgan is not only a leading dancer but is also a chief-big shot with the cyclotrons at the University of Washington. We had sessions at the University and a full day session in Enumclaw. Everywhere we were received wonderfully and lovingly and the sessions were well attended. My sole gripe was the endless rain. Out of the 22 days in that part of the country just one was a bona fide sunny day. Horrors!

My Yugo friend Ras Dunatov, before leaving for his summer salmon catching sailings, decided to show me the great North-West of British Columbia. We went to Victoria via Bremerton and Port Angeles, along the Vancouver shore to Nanaimo where we crossed Georgia Bay into Vancouver City. Had it not rained this would have been a most fascinating trip, as it was I felt I had enough evergreen trees and coastal scenery to last me a lifetime, all I wanted now was a palm tree and shunshine. Vancouver is a lovely city and I would love to return there some sunny day. In Canada I experienced some deflation when I had to add two cents to every American dollar. And all the time I had been under the impression that the American Dollar was the "Almighty One."

From Seattle we headed for a class in Roseburg (Oregon) and Klamath Falls, where we were hosted by my former Chicago students and friends, Dr. & Mrs. Frank Johnson. Klamath Falls had their second International Folk Festival and they did themselves proud. That's Square Dance country and the folk dancers gained quite a foot hold.

From there we dashed straight down to San Diego. We could see Mount Shasta glistening in the sun for nearly a hundred miles away, all along the road, then came Mount Lassen. While in Oregon-Washington, tho we were practically at the foot of mounts Baker, Rainier, Hood and St. Helene, we couldn't see them because of the dismal murkiness.

After three weeks, long enough to put out VILTIS, I'll be on the road again. This time I'll head to Idyllwild, Stockton and the East as far as New Jersey. And it better not rain every day!

Reflecting on my winter in San Diego, I think that I did some revolutionizing there. The city had only two dance groups reeked with dissention and clicks. This has been 99% eliminated and fellowship restored. New dances for participation and demonstration were introduced. The kolo, which until my arrival only the simple Rokoko was known, is now a popular dance with a big repertoire of intricate ones in their ken.

My health held out well. The whole winter was like spring eternal. Atmospherically this city has no extremes. Of course, it also depends where in San Diego one lives. Here one measures the weather condition by the block. Along coastal Point Loma, La Jolla, etc., is like living in San Francisco with that constant cold fog (not quite as bad). The further East one goes it gets drier and sunnier. I am in the "Happy Medium" section.

I wish to extend my most sincere thanks to all the wonderful people who hosted me and John throughout our

sojourn. All have gone out of their way to make our stay comfortable and enjoyable. Also, a great big Finnish "Kiitas" (Thanks) to Pirkko Roecker for all the trouble she went through on my account. Did you ever meet her husband Bill? Grand as they come... like Pirkko. Both are proud parents of two lovely and smart daughters.

Have ye all a very nice summer and happy dancing.

Pasimatysim
VYTS-FIN



Congratulations on your Anniversary issue—Though we enjoy every issue "Of The Magazine With A Heart." Through our copies of VILTIS we are able to get more objective view of the folk dance movement—nation wise—than through any other magazine. Keep up the good work and may you have a 1000 more anniversary issues.

Lt. Col. Wayne Wills
Jeuzencourt, France

... Having found (in VILTIS) the things that I have been searching for in the way of a Folk Dance and Folklore magazine I can not wait to get my subscription so that I can be on the list for your next issue. Please, please see that my name get "into the pot" in time.

Eleanor McMullan
Fresno, Calif.

Do keep VILTIS honest and genuine as it has been. With most dance magazines going more and more commercial, VILTIS more than ever needs to help preserve the solid folk values.

Arthur Katona
Golden, Colo.

My check for VILTIS. I agree that it is the friendliest magazine, best folk magazine. Your spirit is the reason. It is a wonderful gift to put spirit into an informative script. Here is to you.

Katherine Haviland
Boston, Mass.

My reactions that the VILTIS I receive is the best ever, then comes another time and another VILTIS and IT is the BEST ever!! Please note, I did not use the comparative, I used the superlative,—BEST!!

Elsie Allen
Tacoma, Wash.

CONGRATULATIONS to VILTIS on its 13th birthday, with all good wishes for many more birthdays to come. It makes me think of what Portia said of the little candle in the dark night—"so shines a good deed in this naughty world." I feel deeply grateful to its editor, and Hugh E. Jones, and all of the others who have helped keep VILTIS what it is, for the joy and inspiration they give to all who know VILTIS—and them through VILTIS. With all good wishes and a sincere prayer for your true happiness.

Dorothy Gallagher
Kansas City, Mo.

I am most grateful for the copy of VILTIS with your Shaker article. You have handled them well. Congratulations! I am particularly impressed with the contrasts and comparisons you draw between the Shakers and early Jewish sects, primarily the Essenes.

Clarice Carr
Enfield, New Hampshire

I want to tell you how much I enjoyed your VILTIS and especially this last one on the Shakers. I've heard my grandmother and my parents tell of them but this article

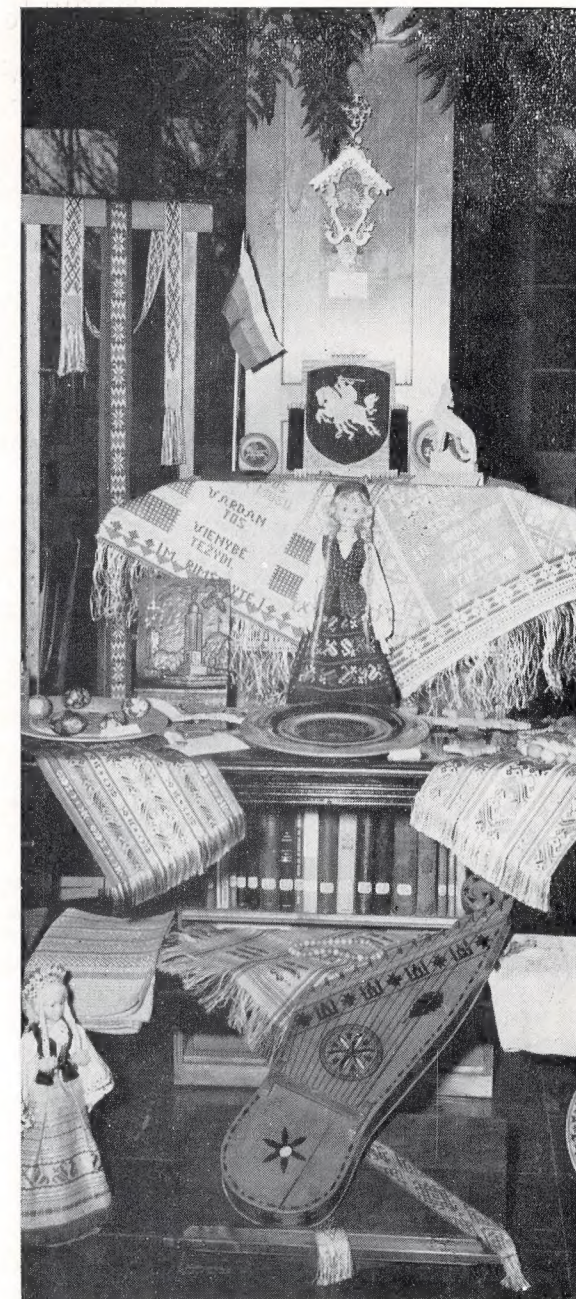
is so very interesting and so much more than they knew of them. I read from cover to cover. I do like the variety.

Mrs. Carolyn Richey
Ripon, Calif.

I would like to congratulate you on the fine analysis (about the Shakers). The comparison with the Essenes is very fascinating, and was a new point to me and one which I would be very glad to use when I come to the Shaker section in the Basic Arts Course here.

In 1935, near Albany, N. Y., I met one of the last surviving Shaker sisters who performed for me one of the marching songs and I took notes on it. It was extremely simple, but I was very much impressed with the community, buildings, and the marvelous innocence of this last remaining Shaker.

Eleanor King, Ass't Prof.
Speech & Dramatic Arts.
University of Arkansas
Fayetteville, Ark.



Lithuanian table arranged by Annhurst, Conn., Lithuanian college coeds on Lithuanian Independence Day (Feb. 16)